

MARVEL
20th Apr 91

THE REAL

Nº149 45p

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GHSTBUSTERS™

I'VE HEARD OF
JOGGING SLITS,
BUT THIS IS
RIDICULOUS!



ISSN 0954-9404



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Everyone knows that Ray's raiments *seam-ingly* have a life of their own, especially his socks, but when his Ghostbusting gear decides to take off all by itself you can be sure he has a *vested interest in collaring this shirty spook*. You don't have to be a *jean-ius* to work out that this could be *clothing time* for **The Real Ghostbusters** in this week's **Winston Diary!**

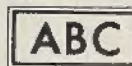
Firstly though, you can *check* out the mystical moves in a ghoulish game of chess in **War And Pieces!** The Ghostbusters certainly had a *knight* to remember, and they also have a *wizard* time in the final part of **Samhain Chanted Evening!**

Next week, there will be a very special edition of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** as it will be Issue one hundred and fifty, and it will be packed full of competitions, posters, a special Real Ghostbusters bookmark (exclusive to the comic) and the return of a familiar Ghostbusting robotic character! Dare you miss it?

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Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, BAMBOS and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



Story GLENN DAKIN Ⓢ Art TONY O'DONNELL and LESLEY DALTON Ⓢ Lettering SPOLLY Ⓢ Colouring STUART PLACE

SOON, AT GHOSTBUSTERS' HQ...



WAIT 'TIL WE FIND EGON AND...HUH?

YOU MUST NOT PASS, THE KING IS WITHIN!



YOU MEAN ELVIS?

HE'S RIGHT, GUYS! SOME WEIRD GHOSTLY KING APPEARED IN OUR H.Q. AND THREW US ALL OUT!

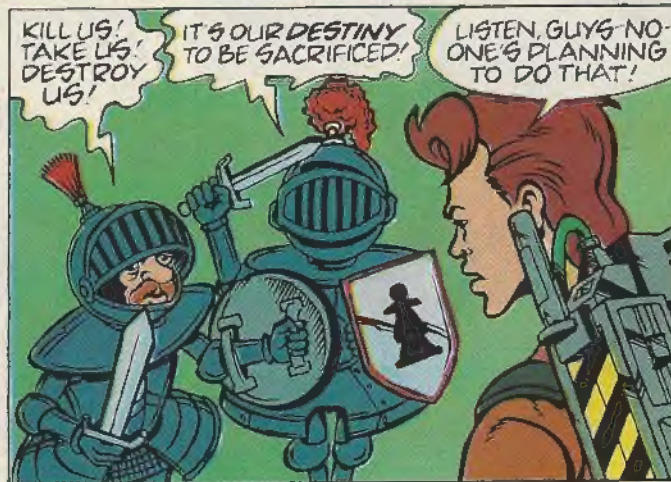
HARDLY! LET IT BE KNOWN- THE BLACK KING HATH MADE HIS MOVE!



HEY, PAL- WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

WE HAVE NO NAME!

WE ARE NOT IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO MERIT NAMES!



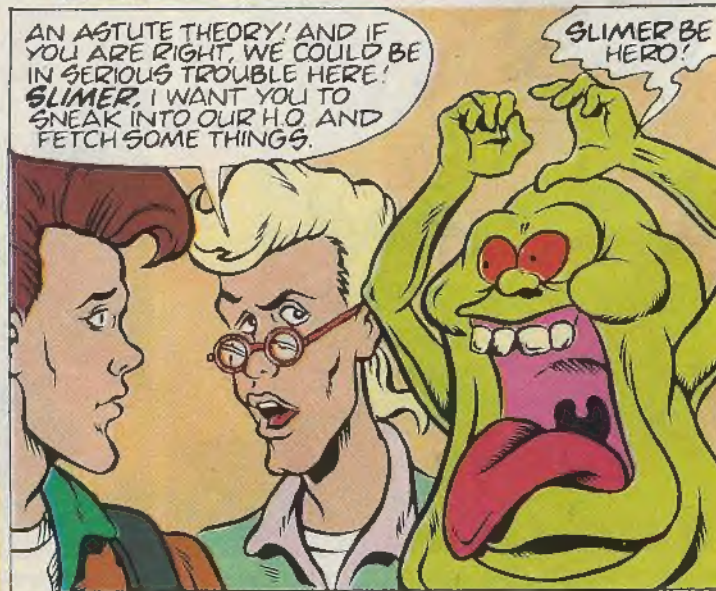
KILL US! TAKE US! DESTROY US!

IT'S OUR DESTINY TO BE SACRIFICED!

LISTEN, GUYS- NO-ONE'S PLANNING TO DO THAT!

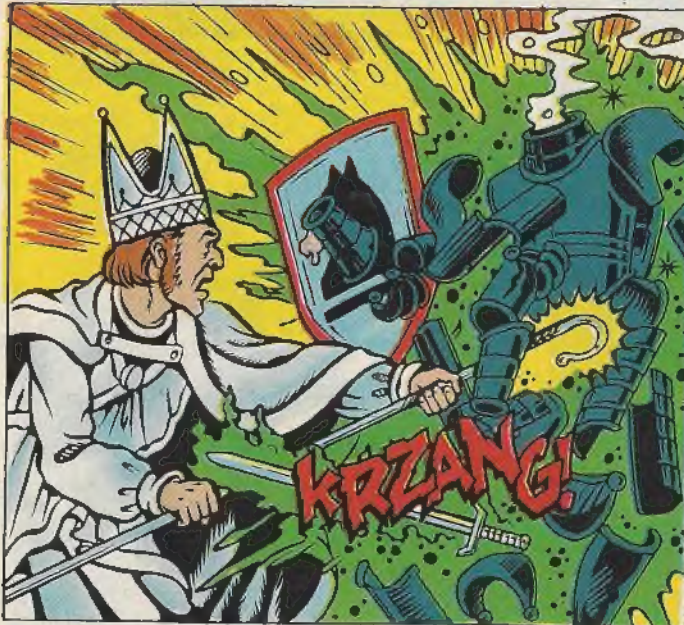
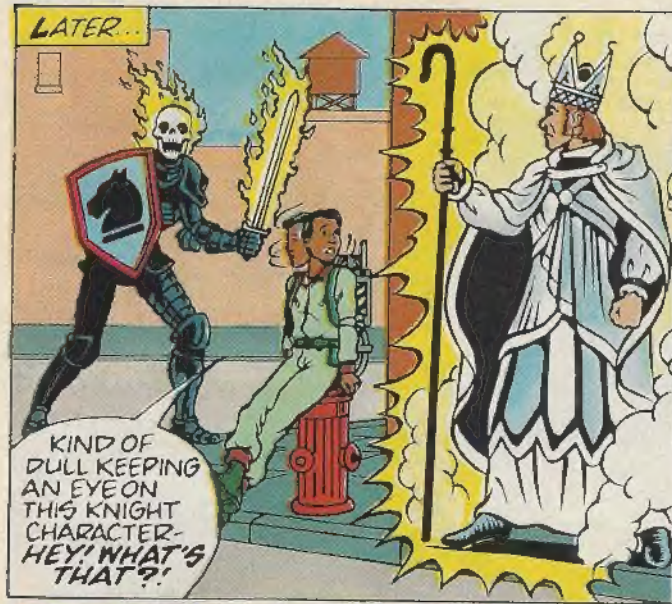


WAIT! IT'S STARTING TO ADD UP... A KNIGHT, A KING, THESE LITTLE GUYS, AND ALL THE TALK OF 'MAKING MOVES'. WE MUST BE CAUGHT UP IN A GIANT COSMIC CHESS GAME! WITH REAL LIVING CHESS PIECES!



AN ASTUTE THEORY! AND IF YOU ARE RIGHT, WE COULD BE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE HERE! SLIMER, I WANT YOU TO SNEAK INTO OUR H.Q. AND FETCH SOME THINGS.

SLIMER BE HERO!





WE'VE DONE IT!
GREAT IDEA HIDING
THAT TRAP IN
THE PITCHER'S
MOUND!



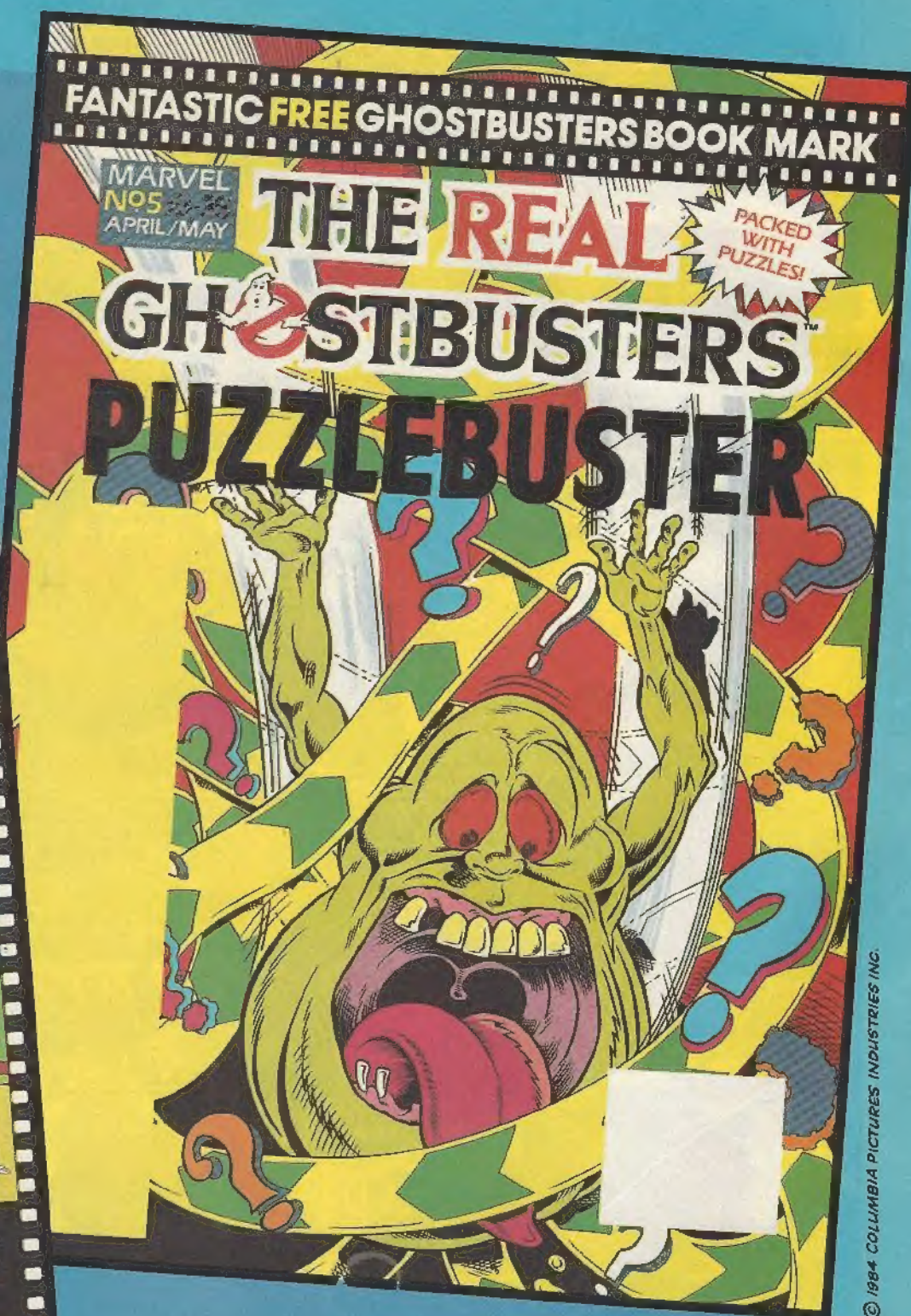
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



*PSYCHOKINETIC ENERGY



FANTASTIC **FREE** GHOSTBUSTERS BOOK MARK



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PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE 5 ON SALE **28th MARCH**

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Rudy Tuesday of Upper Wimpinghome wrote to me regarding the various features I'd put together concerning the sports played in the Supercosmos. 'Don't they have board games and such like for the less energetic spooks?' he wonders. Of course, Rudy, and here I am to tell you about them.

Draughts

Very popular with the Air Elements of the Fifth Level, Draughts involves one spook sitting in a ruined tower whilst his opponent tries to freeze him to oblivion by blowing typhoon-gust elemental breezes through the nooks and crannies of the ruin. Last millenia's Draughts Grandmaster, Ponquadrakor, was disqualified recently for using artificial stimulants after tests revealed traces of cherry cola in his ichor stream.

Chesst

Like our earthly chess, except one of the players is locked in a box and his opponent tries to guess what pattern trousers he is wearing, by shouting out things like 'Twill!' or 'Paisley!' or 'Tartan!' As the player in the box is obliged to wear check trousers, this game is usually short and predictable, unless it is being played by particularly stupid ghouls. Come to think of it, as Chesst has no board or pieces, it has about as much similarity to chess as a bowl of ripe mangoes.



PART 149

Clueless

A simple board game of murder, in which the various players take on the identities of several characters – Professor Plump, Mist Scarlett, Colonel Bustard, Reverend Groan etc. The object of the game is to collect clues until you have found out which one of the dastardly bunch is so wimpy that they haven't killed anybody. A sort of a 'Who-didn't-dunnit'?

Advanced Frimp-timple

A complex and ultimately pointless game, Frimp-timple involves a group of players who hide their duddlyronts under the table and try to outbid each other for the ready-timpled frimps in the kitty. The winner is the first to shout 'Frimp-timple' and

GUIDE

get his frimps out of the kitty before it escapes through the cat-flap.

Drivel Pursuits

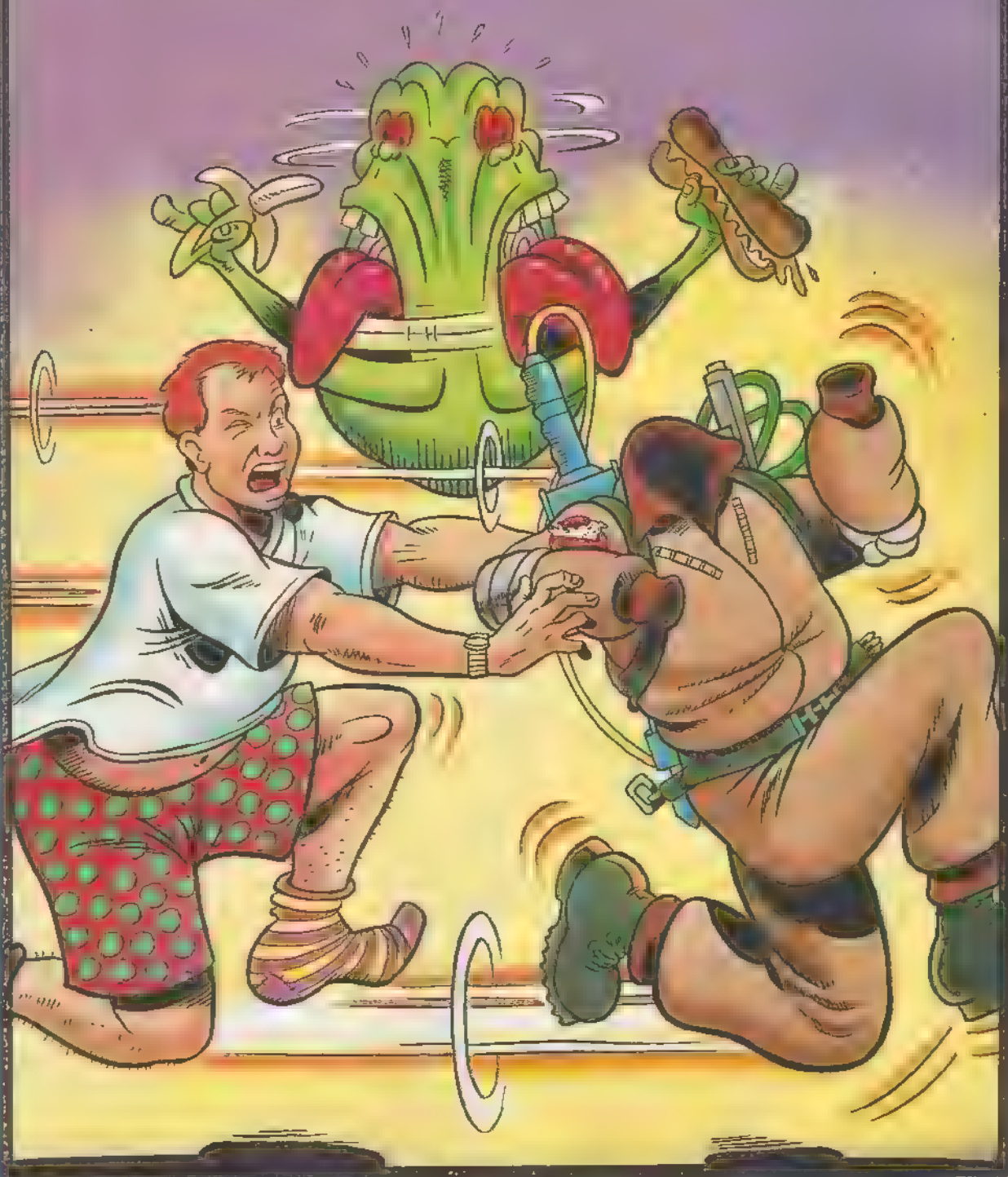
Tremendously popular board game in which the players move their pieces round the board answering questions about Supercosmic Drivel. Categories include *Hysteria*, *Jogged-giraffery*, *English Illiterature*, *Science and Supernature*, *Bad Craziness* and *Numbly and Leisure*. Players will encounter such questions as 'Who is the deepest: Gozer or Voyd the Abyssal?' [Voyd, by nine miles] or 'What is the Capital of Nekkdasgeddon?' [the letter 'N'] or 'Who wrote Little Women?' [I did, just then, with this crayon].

Scramble

A word game, the word being 'Mubbermoy'. Using numbered letter chips, the players try and make this word, but unfortunately, the game usually collapses into complete hysterics. 'Mubbermoy', an adjective that describes the look on the face of a substitute in a Pro-Celebrity Moffling match who has just been called onto the field, is apparently the funniest word in the whole of the Supercosmos and using it can result in death by laughter among lesser demons. If you are playing and you get two Ms, two Bs, a U, an R, an E, an O and a Y, avoid the triple word scores.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, BAMBOS and JOHN BURNS

Monday, 8th April 1991

Bills, bills, bills. Egon is worrying about them all, especially the electricity. From what I can tell, the Ecto-Containment Unit alone seems to eat over half of the money we make busting ghosts. The recent repair bills, after a Ping Pong Ball Ghost burst into our HQ again, were very high. I mean, how do you repair a wall with perfectly shaped ping pong sized holes in it? With the hot weather coming, perhaps we should have kept them for ventilation. Still, the bills are definitely *not* as high as Ray's socks, which not only smell terribly at the moment, but also mysteriously found their way into my bed last night. I was going to have a word with him about that, but he was out at a Record Collector's Fair. Someone had broken his *Sing-Along-A-Max* record and he was looking for a new one.

We had a report that 'The Little Shoppe' had turned up on 57th Street, but we got there too late. For those of you who don't remember this, it's a trans-dimensional teleporting shop run by a malevolent old guy who sells strange, ghost-infested antiques and other things. We've had a number of run-ins with him before, but never caught the ghostly owner. Still, I'm sure he'll make a mistake one day and then ZAP, it's Trap Time!

Tuesday, 9th April 1991

Ray woke me up at seven am, looking for his socks, his uniform and his vest. They had all disappeared from his cupboard and nobody seemed to have an explanation (Well, Peter did, but at seven am it was something like 'Whif the flibbin time, oi nooooo, goway'). No wonder Slimer likes him so much. Since I was awake, I helped Ray look for his gear and found it on the laundry basket. "Perhaps it's trying to tell you something," I suggested.

"Don't be silly, Winston. Clothes don't talk," Ray replied. With that he was off to ECTO-3 muttering something about vertigo and camshafts.

Three spooks today – high flying ex-

money men in three piece business suits, who departed this plane in the late Twenties. They re-surfaced in their old workplace on Wall Street and started messing with the computer systems, playing havoc with the stock markets. Of course, the stock markets are so weird, it took those idiots over half a day to realise something was wrong and that was only after gold fell against bananas by three hundred points and the Mongolian Grebble started to outstrip the dollar on the foreign exchange. This job gets weirder every day.

You know, when we started this line of work it was a simple ghost, eating and wrecking a hotel. Nowadays they're manipulating the economy and engineering economic collapse. Talking of which, Egon says to save money we have to do our own laundry from now on, until the number of busts picks up again. (Down to four a week at the moment – I keep telling the guys we're getting too good).

Wednesday, 10th April 1991

Stayed in, watched TV, read *Tobin's Spirit Guide* and *Demons And Their Underwear*, then went out in the evening to see *Die Hard 3: The Shopping Mall*. How do they do those odd things with pasta and frozen lasagne? Some of those special effects are so weird. . .

Thursday, 11th April 1991

Peter demanded Ray take his clothes to the laundry after his socks turned up in *his* bed. Ray looked at us, then at Slimer, who looked very hurt because he was under suspicion. "I'll do it tomorrow," said Ray.

"Today, Ray," said Peter, handing the offending socks back to him at arm's length. "Or these socks fry."

"But they're my favourite," Ray protested, "Look, they've got a wonderful teddy bear on them. I just bought them last week at that new shop on 57th Street, and –"

"Ray!"

Ray nodded and took the socks. Just then

the alarm bell rang and we were all off on a bust – a fourteen foot high werewolf making a big nuisance of himself in Soho. This bust involved a race round several lamp-posts and then a high speed pursuit to a tree in Central Park. We finally busted the thing after throwing a ball for it, straight over a Ghost Trap. Some werewolves are like that. Still, it did take about four hours to catch. The ghost busted, Ray protested that it was far too late to go to the laundry so Peter said he could take all the uniforms with him for cleaning tomorrow. After that chase on a hot sweaty day, we all agreed. Hey, we do think about our public image now and again.

Friday, 12th April 1991

So I was sitting in the coffee shop down the street trading jokes with Janine, when Peter and Egon burst in in their spare uniforms, Proton Packs buzzing. "Ray's in trouble," snapped Peter. "Something about killer socks and dimensional gateways at the launderette." With that he handed me my Proton Pack and we were off. Shame. I really like my morning coffee uninterrupted.

At the launderette, Ray was backed up into a corner, fighting off his uniform which was attacking him with a bag of filthy overalls. "Leave me alone!" he shouted. At the other end of the now deserted launderette, Ray's socks were marshalling his vest, his other socks and his unmentionables into the yawning chasm of an open machine. Egon checked his PKE Meter and gave us a worried frown. "Readings indicate a dimensional pocket," he murmured. "Could be dangerous."

"Never mind that," snapped Ray, thumping his uniform to the floor. "My favourite socks are the cause of this and I want to know why!"

"Ray! Don't you remember us?" squeaked his socks and two tiny ghosts poked their heads out of the socks. "Hey, those are the spooks that took over my



boots once," Ray gasped. "How did they get out of the Ecto-Containment Unit?"

"Perhaps there's a hole in it," giggled one of the tiny sprites, poking his own toe through a hole in Ray's left sock. Then I remembered where Ray said he'd bought his socks – 57th Street. "Ray," said Peter, "You don't by any chance remember the name of the shop you bought those socks in, do you?"

"Hmm, something with 'Little' in it," said Ray helpfully. "Look out, they're making a break for it!"

"Freedom!" shouted the socks, diving into the open door of the washing machine. Ray leapt and grabbed one of his socks. The ghost in it squealed and jumped out, but before you could say "Extra-dimensional teleportation" Egon had it trapped.

The washing machine was empty however and Ray held up one sock looking miserable. "The gateway's closed," said Peter. Egon nodded and studied the remaining sock. "Hmm, most unscientific. However, I think this probably explains just why you lose socks at the launderette."

Well, perhaps it does. But if you think we're going to check every launderette in the world for extra dimensional gateways just because you lost one of your favourite socks last week, you've got another think coming.

PAISLEY POLTERGEIST



Imagine the sheer panic coming from the voice at the end of the Ghostbusters' hotline. How could Reginald Asquith, upwardly mobile man-about-town, be expected to turn up for two business appointments, and a date with a rather glamorous model looking like that?

The Ghostbusters arrived at Suite 101 of the Plaza Hotel and discovered that Reggie, sure enough, had become the ultimate in fashion victims. The one-time dapper dresser was sporting a suit that was so loud it put Joseph's technicolour effort positively in the shade! Egon suggested that a Paisley Poltergeist was in operation and took the psychedelic suits back to the lab for investigation.

However, once the patterned pest had been removed from its familiar surrounds, the clashing colours returned to normal. The only problem was that the Ghostbusters' own 'get-ups' were then possessed by the luminous loons. Most unsuitable!

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SCOOBY!
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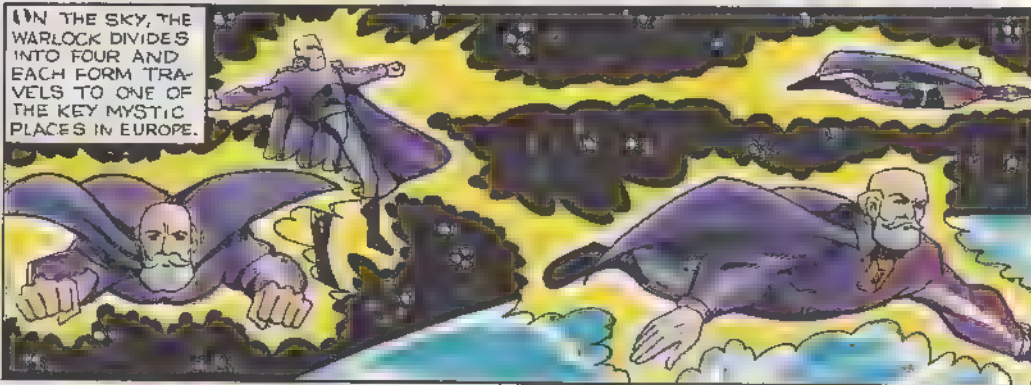
FREE
GLITTER STICKER

ON SALE NOW FROM MARVEL

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Four: Samhain is wreaking havoc in New York whilst holding Janine and Louis as captives. But Phineas Eventide, the warlock, has come to help The Real Ghostbusters.

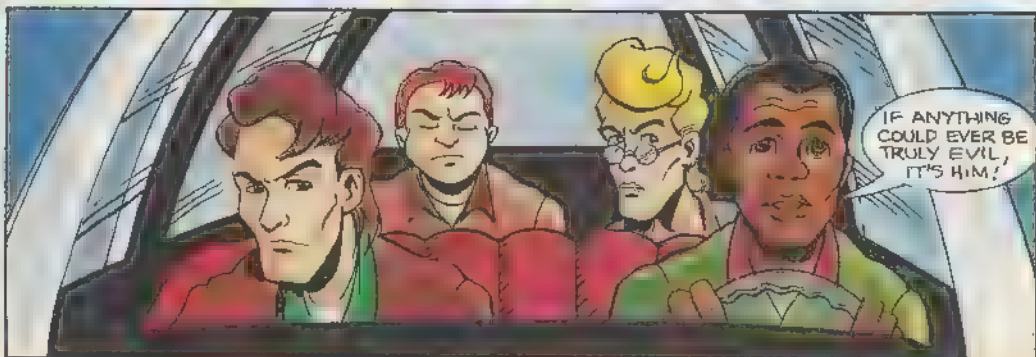
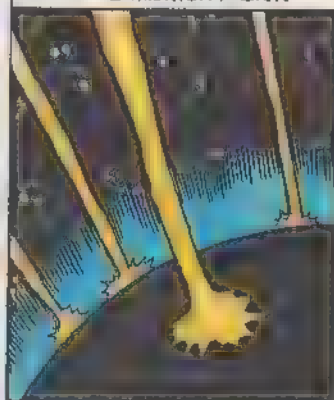
IN THE SKY, THE WARLOCK DIVIDES INTO FOUR AND EACH FORM TRAVELS TO ONE OF THE KEY MYSTIC PLACES IN EUROPE.

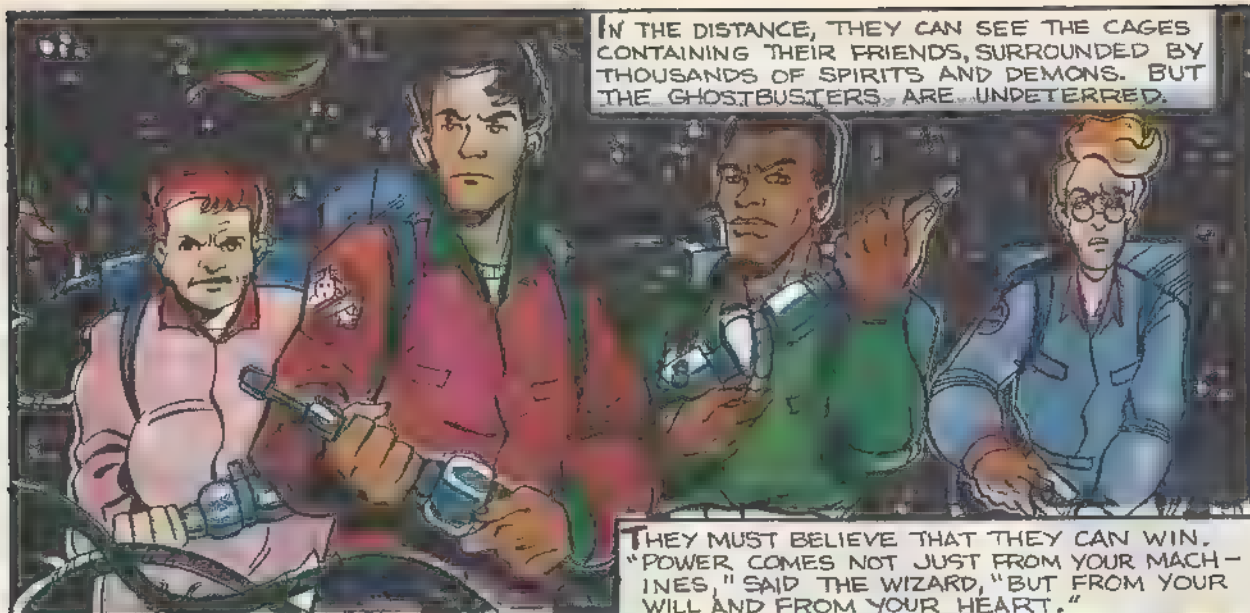


IN EACH PLACE THE WIZARD SPEAKS TO THE PEOPLE IN THEIR OWN TONGUE, AND JOINS HIS POWERS WITH THEIRS.



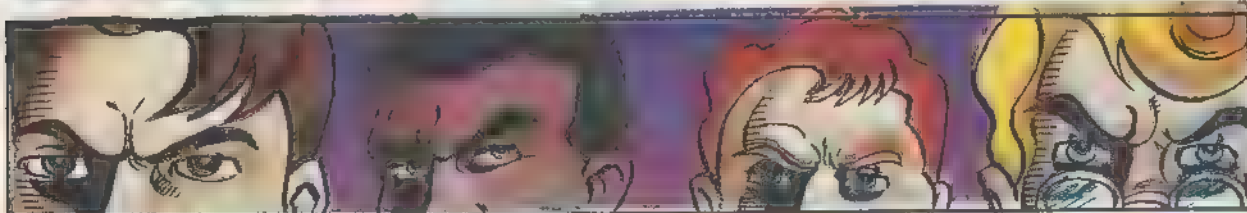
SOON THOSE POWERS CONVERGE INTO COLUMNS OF FLAME WHICH REACH FAR INTO THE MIDNIGHT SKY.





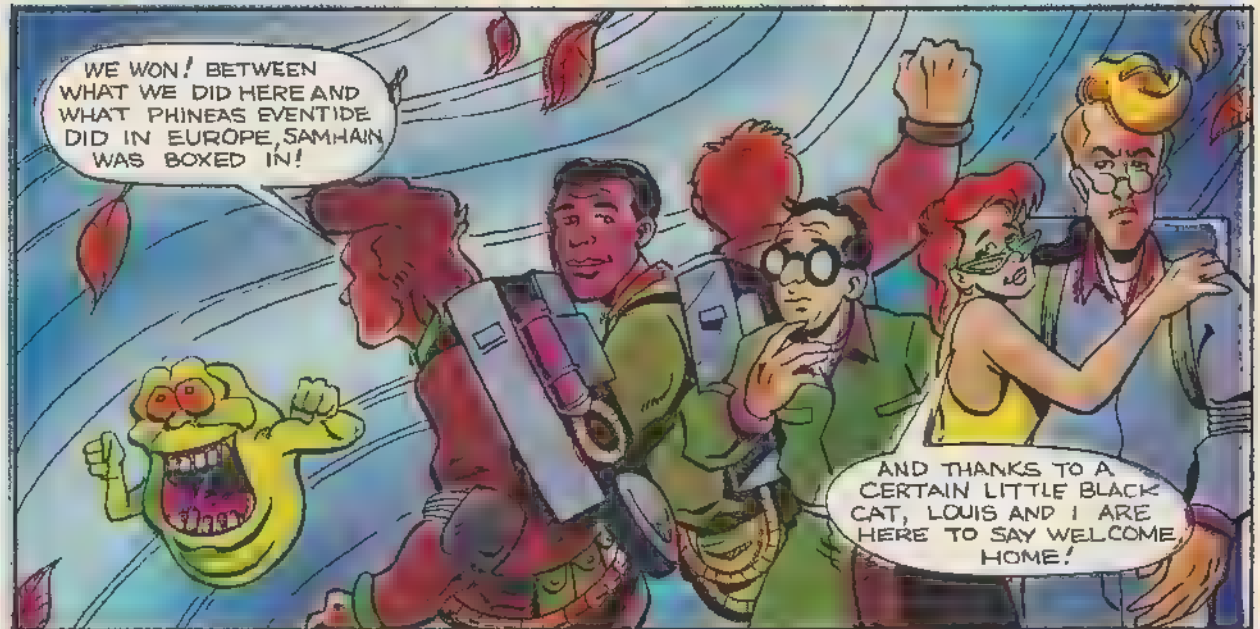
IN THE DISTANCE, THEY CAN SEE THE CAGES CONTAINING THEIR FRIENDS, SURROUNDED BY THOUSANDS OF SPIRITS AND DEMONS. BUT THE GHOSTBUSTERS ARE UNDETERRED.

THEY MUST BELIEVE THAT THEY CAN WIN. "POWER COMES NOT JUST FROM YOUR MACHINES," SAID THE WIZARD, "BUT FROM YOUR WILL AND FROM YOUR HEART."



JANINE, THIS CAT OPENED MY CAGE. IS IT YOURS?





EVERYTHING COOL IN THE CONTAINMENT UNIT WITH OL' JACKOLANTERN EYES?

YEAH, ESPECIALLY AFTER OUR MODIFICATION!

ALL TIME RESIDES IN ME! IT IS MY ALLY, AND I CAN USE IT AGAIN AS I DID BEFORE! EVENING... EVENING... EVENING...

HONK

WHAT? NONSENSE! NOW. EVENING... EVENING... EVENING...

HONK!

KNOCK IT OFF, SAMHAIN! THAT FOGHORN COULD WAKE THE DEAD, AND I WANT TO SLEEP IN HERE!

NO! IT CANNOT BE!

THE SOUNDPROOFING ENSURES THAT SAMHAIN GETS THE FULL BENEFIT OF THE SPECIAL EVENING-ACTIVATED BULLHORN.

I THINK SLIMER WANTS TO THANK YOU FOR SAVING HIM, PETER.

IT WAS TEMPORARY INSANITY! BUT IF HE REALLY WANTS TO THANK ME, HE CAN KEEP HIS SLIME OUT OF MY SHORTS, MY BED, MY DOUGHNUTS, MY PIZZA, AND MY LIFE, 'CAUSE I DON'T NEED MY OWN PERSONAL TRICK-OR-TREAT ARTIST, RIGHT SLIMER?

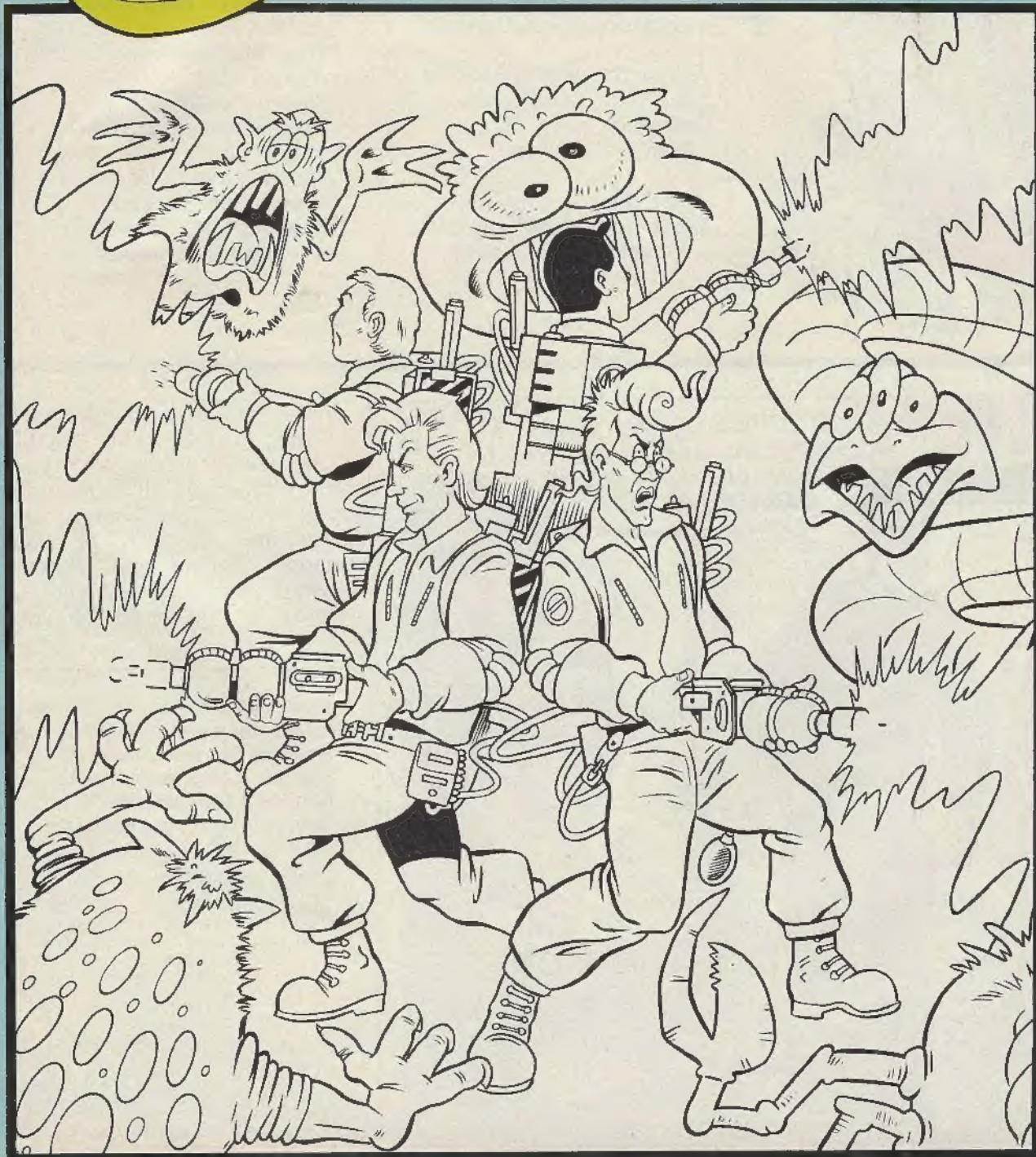


BEETLEJUICE™



POSTER MAGAZINE

ON SALE 21st MARCH FROM MARVEL



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London WC2



Why did Dracula help the young vampire?
Because he liked to see young blood in the business!
— Christopher Bell, Dundee

What is the devil's favourite drink?
Demonade!
— Sean Gray, Dorset

What's blue and slimy?
Slimer holding his breath!
— Steven Miller, Cheshire

What is a ghost's favourite day?
Moanday!
— Jane Cavendish, Potters Bar

Which phantom was a famous painter?
Vincent Van Ghost!
— Steven Powell, Bristol

Why does a vampire clean his teeth three times a day?
To prevent bat breath!
— Craig Smith, Swansea



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Please reserve me a copy of
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Reserve it for collection*/
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paper order*

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NAME

ADDRESS

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SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR

GUARDIAN

.....

.....

DEAD TRUE!



here is a haunted valley in Benderloch, Argyllshire, which instils a feeling of uneasiness in the hearts and minds of locals and visitors alike. The valley is near a dark and desolate coastal road, inhabited only by forlorn looking trees.

One cold winter's afternoon, a local laird had been deerhunting in the glen when he decided to head for home through the valley. He had been walking for only a short time when he encountered a sudden wave of panic, and looked up to see the figure of a tall, muscular, young man. Though somewhat taken aback, the laird continued to walk further towards the stranger where he saw that the new-found figure was wearing a kilt and brogues, and was armed with a long dagger called a dirk. Despite the young

man's lack of years, there was a look of anger and bitterness distorting his features, changing what should have been a youthful, untroubled face.

The laird mustered all his thoughts together and called out, disguising his quivering voice as much as possible. However, much to his surprise, the stranger seemed oblivious to the cries. The eyes glared out their anger, yet looked straight through the landowner. It didn't seem to make sense to the Laird at all. As he passed by he was once again drawn to the expression on the face of the silent stranger. He couldn't help but notice how cruel and distorted the mouth looked, but still no words or sound came from within.

With a shrug of his shoulders, the laird continued his journey. He hadn't been walking very long before he sensed that he was being followed,

and turned around to witness the sight of a ghostly, greyish-coloured shape disappear into thin air. The apparition undoubtedly fitted the description of the inwardly seething young man.

Much to his surprise, the laird remained quite calm at the realization that he had just seen a ghost! He suddenly remembered that the colour tartan worn by the kilt-wearer belonged to the Campbell clan, and the meaning of the name is 'Crooked Mouth' (which comes from the Gaelic 'cam' and 'beul'). It was a local historical fact that a member of the Campbell clan, known as the Red Fox, was shot dead in the year of 1752; seven years after the lands had been taken from the Scottish Highlanders, when the wearing of the kilt had been forbidden.

ECTO-X'S BACK!

IN JUST 7 DAYS

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER

